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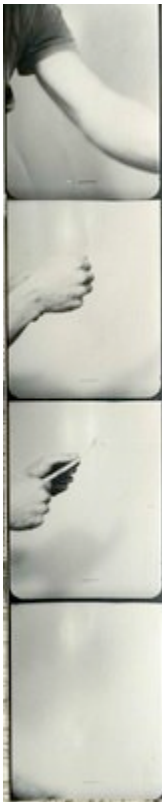
My Life in the Photo-Booth

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In the Photo-booth Pictures finished in two minutes.

And the Photo-Booth was without subject and white background.



Until the sweet breathed (want some juicy-fruit?) welder from Bakersfield

Bob Sherrill was persuaded to part with the Model 9 #803 Auto Photo Portrait Studio for \$200 US to a Kid with some Funny Idea. In 1987.

For the Kid wanted the Booth to picture Feelings. For this he needed Lovers, but the Kid was shy and tormented by most positions outside the booth.

SO a mirror was obtained and placed at a 45 degree angle to the Lens

and pictures OUTSIDE THE PHOTO-BOOTH were obtained;

and Veracity itself was slain, for these were in a depth of field beyond the Booth's resolution, and these pictures were flattering.



Whereas the mirror was removed, and the Booth placed in a popular location, with a large curtain that could be drawn around the booth so that individuals could encounter it in Privacy; and a handsome surcharge was applied at the pulling of this curtain so that pictures of Perversion could be taken; the Kid knew this because sometimes photo-strips were left on top of the machine, and they made him feel ashamed to be Human.

But the Profit was Tidy.

So the Kid bought a truckload of photo-booth supplies and tore the Privacy Curtain down.

For the Photo-Booth was the only Objective photographer in the World.

Gelatin Silver Soul Residual Forms ensued after its soft flashing of incandescent lamps, 1/15th of a second likenesses now to take 57 pneumatic strokes in warm salty chemical baths before emerging through a slit in a green mammariesque bulb.

And this was altogether too much for a great many whose entire lives are spent in the concealment of secrets felt to contain the awful, wriggling, slimy, hideous truth; so that shirts were lifted and tongues were stuck out, "buck" teeth were made - "Muggings" masking what must never be revealed.

Still, the Profits were Tidy; so the Kid bought punchbowls full of pharmaceutical MDMA juice for the truth-fearing visages to dissolve inside this mormon of truth, and their feelings could be recorded by the only objective photographer in the world dedicated to the machinery to produce a picture of their feelings, eyes, hair, mouths, ears, and noses. Brows, and if Tattoo were proffered, the photo-booth "Blacked-Out".

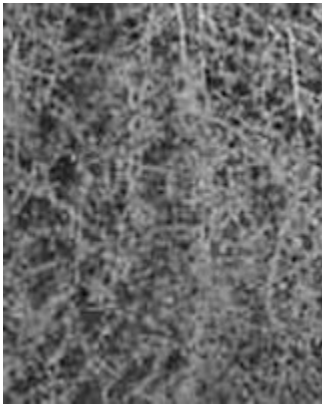
And these were wonderful redemptive slices of paper known to travel wish their subjects, to be fingered or framed and put on the tops of Dresser Drawers.

And much Hideous Prosal Turgidity was made of this, and set to the strains of terrible, cloying music about moments passed.

So the Kid went UPSIDE-DOWN in the Photo-Booth.



And Stuffed it full of Tumbleweeds that it could not see.



Until a weekend shy of a triple fortnight passed and enough MDMA taken  
that 17 Lovers of His would Journey into the Booth so their FEELINGS could  
be recorded.



But off the MDMA punch-bowl juice, the Kid Came Down, hard.

And for this hard coming down, a spite his nose a hat permanently doffed;

glasses and veil below that filtered out environmental toxins

and what are you lookin at? Pictures never seen;

alls you need is Rubs. Of PollackeyStuffBalls!

Be sure and [Read the Product Literature](#).

First.

white [2:49 PM](#)

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This Web-log is by Chris Sullivan in 2009 / Founder, Editor, Publisher (*FEP*)

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